

[Firestone](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Bull loves dragons, really *loves* dragons, and Dorian has taken notice. He decides to learn how to breathe fire.

Firestone

Author's Note:

Tarsidaath an-hassam, y'all.

I definitely spelled that wrong, apologies for not looking up my Qunlat, but I'm lazy.

It was the torchlight late one evening that first reminded him of the dancers in Minrathous, the ones who breathed fire. It wasn't literal fire-breathing, of course, they filled their mouths with flammable liquid and sprayed it through their teeth at an already-burning torch—but Dorian remembered the beauty and the danger of the performance. The dancers had to keep their movements so precise—too low, and they would burn their audience, too high, and the fire would turn back into their faces. He remembered thinking it would be so much easier to just use magic, but it was a talent nonetheless.

He thought of the fire-breathers again while facing down a dragon, but in a much more negative light. It was easy to think the curls of flame were beautiful when one was seated at a safe distance in an audience; it was much more difficult to do so when one had just barely ducked out of the line of a dragon's fire. He could feel the heat all the way through him, sweat pouring from his forehead into his eyes, and he could hear Bull yelling something in Qunlat off to the side.

Bull, it seemed, thought of the dragon-fire the way Dorian thought of the performers in Minrathous. Beautiful, dangerous, and... enticing. Dorian couldn't deny that he'd appreciated that most of the fire-breathers were young, muscular men, and that they performed shirtless. It was only practical, after all.

Dragons, though, he was not so aroused by. Bull, however. Dorian certainly overheard something about him bringing himself sexual pleasure later while thinking about the battle.

Well, then.

That night, Dorian started practicing, directing the flames of his magic to his mouth instead of his hands. He wouldn't burn himself on his own magic, nothing so amateur, but he could easily burn his surroundings if he wasn't careful. He let only a little magic leak out of him, and all he got was smoke, curling from his lips like he'd just taken a pull from a pipe. Smoking had never been Dorian's choice vice, and he found himself coughing, choking on his own magic. That wouldn't do.

He nearly cheered at himself the first time he got a curl of flame to come from his lips, even though it barely flickered past his lips. He refrained from such exuberance, though. There was nothing more ridiculous than cheering one's own self on in the mirror. Still, though, he was so pleased with his progress, he startled more than one soldier on his way across the battlements, surprised to see the fussy Tevinter mage so chipper.

Bull's room was empty. The tavern, then. Dorian nearly tripped over Sera on the stairs; she was asleep with her legs across the whole of them, but he stepped over her without disturbing her. Ordinarily, he would have "accidentally" nudged her awake, and told her off—"you *have* a room, Sera, I'd advise you to use it!"—but he was feeling benevolent.

"What's got you so pleased?" Bull asked him when he took his seat with just a little more flourish than necessary.

"Oh, nothing more than the usual. What, should I be annoyed with a warm tavern, a drink in my hand, and..." *And you at my side.* "...well, you know how it is. I can be happy, I assure you, I'm actually quite good at it."

"Oh yeah?" Bull looked like he didn't believe Dorian's words. For good reason, after all, he wasn't being entirely truthful.

Bull always sat with his legs wide, taking up as much space as physically possible, but Dorian could tell when Bull touched him with purpose, rather than it simply being a result of his size and stance. Instead of just nudging him and moving away, Bull pressed his knee to Dorian's deliberately, and tucked his foot and braced ankle behind Dorian's heel. There was also, of course, the matter of his hand rubbing Dorian's thigh under the table as he

continued a conversation with Blackwall like he wasn't doing anything out of the ordinary.

Which, of course, he wasn't. Bull's arm around him or his hand at the small of Dorian's back had become normal. Comforting, even. Dorian had become used to falling asleep with his head on Bull's chest, to waking up with one of Bull's arms curled around him, hand on his hip, his opposite hand carding through Dorian's hair. The little touches, too, were more comfortable, Bull steadying him during battle with a hand on his shoulder or Bull's fingers brushing his when he handed him something.

Bull's thumb caught on the inner seam of his pants, and it startled him back into the present. He realized he was being stared at by his one-eyed companion. "What?"

"Nothing. I just like to see you so happy," Bull said, and Dorian wasn't even drunk enough that he could blame the way he blushed on alcohol. Damn it.

"Would you like to, perhaps, spend this evening elsewhere?" Dorian asked, quietly enough and close enough that only the Bull heard him.

"Yeah?"

"I have something I want to show you."

"*Oh*," Bull said, and Dorian knew in that moment, he had him.

Sometimes, they would fuck in Dorian's room, but Bull's bed was bigger, and his room was closer, and even if Dorian didn't like the fact that it was in a busier part of the keep and people walked past at every hour of the night, it smelled like Bull, and Dorian had so very many pleasant memories of the room.

He was even more pleased when he ended up face-down on the bed with Bull pounding him from behind, his chest pressed to Dorian's back and one hand tucked between Dorian's body and the bedsheets, stroking over his chest in little circles, counterpoint to his thrusts. Dorian's moans were

muffled against his forearm, but they were needy little things, beyond words. Hadn't been the plan, but he wasn't complaining.

He reached for Bull's hand on his hip and squeezed, so that Bull slowed, pressing kisses to the nape of his neck, right at his hairline. "You okay?" Bull asked, voice mostly even. Dorian liked the nights where he could get Bull breathing heavy the way he did after a long battle, knew those were particularly satisfying for both of them.

"Fine. I just...*oh*... I'd like to turn over."

"Good. I want to see you," Bull said, tucking his head down to kiss Dorian's neck, head tilted at a strange angle so his horns didn't get in the way. He had to pull out of Dorian to turn him over (and he had to do most of the work, because Dorian was quite beyond moving), but once he did, Bull smiled. "How's it going?" he asked, like he was greeting Dorian in passing, rather than following the length of Dorian's naked body with his palms.

"Exquisitely."

Dorian adjusted his legs so they fit around Bull's, framing his hips. He knew he looked good, and clearly, so did the Bull, if the way his eyes followed the length of Dorian's body was any indication. Bull pressed a kiss to Dorian's lips. "Want to keep going?"

He didn't know what in the world would make him want to stop at this point, but Bull asked, and it made a smile creep onto his lips. "Of course, Amatus, but I want to show you something," he said, propping himself up on his elbows and trying to ignore the fact that he'd just called Bull *that*, thank Andraste his endearments were in Tevene, "I do believe I made that promise."

Bull looked so *fond*, the well-worn wrinkles at the corners of his eyes folding, the unscarred side not entirely matching the other, mouth not quite a smile, like he was thinking something sweet but not saying it, thank the Maker, Dorian didn't think he'd be able to handle that just yet. "Oh yeah?"

“Mm,” Dorian hummed, and Bull’s facial expression went from sweet to sexy in a heartbeat, hands moving from Dorian’s waist to his hips, pulling him down just a little so he could grind his cock against Dorian’s, which made Dorian lose the thread of magic he’d been chasing after for a few moments. “You’re going to have to stop teasing me while I do this,” he sighed, “much as I adore it.” *Much as I adore you*, he thought.

“But it’s so *fun*.” Bull punctuated that with another roll of his hips, and Dorian’s toes curled. Bull’s cock was still slick, and the way he moved nearly sent Dorian over the edge.

“Venhedis!” he swore, with feeling, and pulled Bull down to kiss him, only pulling back when Bull started to suck on his lip. “That... *that*, is too good, Bull.”

“No such thing as too good,” Bull replied, leaning down so he was propped up on his elbows, his hands encircling Dorian’s upper arms, with Dorian returning the gesture. Bull’s body was pressed against him, the weight of him comforting in the way Dorian never would have predicted. He’d always thought the Bull throwing his weight around was sexy, of course, but he never could have imagined that he’d feel so pleased at the careful way Bull laid over him, positioning his body specifically so he wouldn’t crush Dorian.

“Watch this,” Dorian said, digging his fingertips into Bull’s bicep just a little as he found the effort to pull the controlled strain of magic up to his lips. He let the flame curl around his tongue, then blew it out, just a tiny jet of fire framed by trails of smoke.

Dorian had never seen Bull so transfixed. He was completely frozen save for heavy breaths, single eye focused on Dorian’s mouth. “Damn,” Bull said, “you look... *fuck*, Dorian, do it again.”

He laughed, a little remaining smoke pushed out of his throat with the sound, and he felt Bull groan low in his chest. “I will,” he said, and obliged, letting the smoke fill his mouth first, leaking out between his teeth the way a dragon’s breath did just before it spit fire. The stream of fire was bigger this time, the light of it filling the room. He swallowed the Bull’s breathless

oh, letting him feel the remaining warmth on Dorian's lips (not as hot as real fire, of course, but pleasant), and taste the smoke on his tongue.

If Dorian weren't so comfortable with the Bull, he probably would have been surprised when Bull went from completely motionless to grabbing Dorian and pulling him against his body, kissing him hard enough to make his mouth hurt, fingers on the junction of his shoulder and neck so tight he'd probably have bruises. Bull's hips thrust against his just once, and Dorian crossed his ankles at the Bull's waist, heels at the small of his back.

Dorian didn't expect Bull to slow his movements immediately afterward, to smooth his hands over where he'd just been holding, to kiss him so softly and relax against him. Bull nuzzled at his jaw and Dorian smiled and petted the Bull's shoulder when he realized what had happened.

"Did you just come?"

"Yeah," Bull said.

"Well, I have to say, I'm impressed," Dorian said, while Bull busied himself with kissing a trail down the center of Dorian's chest.

"With me?"

"With myself."

"That makes a little more sense," Bull admitted, continuing to inch down Dorian's body, ignoring the places where his own come was starting to dry on Dorian's belly. "Can I suck you off?"

"When have I ever said no to that?"

The answer was, of course, never, and Bull took no time in wrapping his lips around Dorian's cock, taking the whole of it in one motion. Dorian was always a little jealous when Bull did that, because he couldn't, but it was normally at the back of his mind, covered by layers of pleasure and, "oh, Maker, Bull, *just like that.*"

Bull's mouth was so good, it should probably have considered a sin according to the Chantry, but it was one Dorian was glad to commit. Bull put his hands on Dorian's hips, not holding him enough to keep him from thrusting into Bull's mouth, his throat, which was enough to have Dorian shouting obscenities and clenching his fingers in the bedsheets, because *fuck*, it was good.

Dorian knew he couldn't hold on for long, so he reached for Bull's hand, gripping tightly while he came down his throat, feeling Bull swallow around him. There was a soft moment in which Dorian's fingers slowly unclenched from around Bull's, but his hand still rested in his lover's, and both of them waited for their breathing to slow back to normal.

Bull waited for Dorian to remove his hand before he got up to clean them off, getting a little touchier than he needed to as he did, running one hand through Dorian's hair to push it back from his forehead, smoothing his thumb down the quirked corner of Dorian's mustache. "You look so good right now," Bull said.

"I look good always," Dorian replied.

"That's true." Bull pressed a kiss to Dorian's forehead and got back into bed beside him, slinging one giant arm around Dorian and pulling him close. "Hey."

"Hm?"

"You called me 'amatus' today," Bull said.

"And I'm sure you're asking what it means?" It hadn't been a question, though, and Dorian knew Bull would have phrased it as one if he meant it to be.

"Oh, I know what it means. I speak enough Tevene to know."

Dorian tensed, just a little, but Bull stroked the back of his neck, and it sent his muscles loose again. "I like it," Bull said. "Hm. Can I call you a cute nickname, too?"

“Absolutely not.”

“Sweetheart?”

“No.”

“Fire-spitter?”

“That’s not even cute. No.”

“Kadan?”

“I don’t know what it means, and it’s probably equally ridiculous.”

“It probably is,” Bull said, “thanks for today, Kadan.”

Author's Note:

Hit me up on the tumblr @weezna, or @seldula for NSFW shenanigans.